

FEAR

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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ADVENTURE INTO **FEAR**™ WITH

THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**™

THE LIVING VAMPIRE™



I'M WARNING YOU,
MORBIUS! STAY BACK
--OR ELSE!

SIMON STROUD
ALWAYS GETS
HIS MAN!

THE MAN WHO HUNTED
MAN-WOLF NOW STALKS
THE LIVING VAMPIRE!

NIGHTKILL!

Once Michael Morbius was a world-renowned bio-chemist, dying of an unknown blood disease—and desperately searching for a CURE. He found that cure—but, in turn, it afflicted him with a CURSE far worse than any possible disease; the curse of the blood-sucking night-beast; the curse of... **THE LIVING VAMPIRE!**

Stan Lee PRESENTs: **THE MAN CALLED MORBIUS!**™

DOUG MOENCH / **FRANK ROBBINS** / **D. FRASER** / **C. JETTER** / **J. COHEN** / **LEN WEIN**
WRITER ARTIST INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR

NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE- STALKER

A MANSION OUTSIDE BOSTON—RECENTLY LEASED BY THE WOMAN WHOSE LOVE FOR MICHAEL MORBIUS THE MAN HAS PROVEN STRONG ENOUGH TO WEATHER HIS TRANSFORMATION INTO MORBIUS THE LIVING VAMPIRE. HER NAME IS MARTINE, AND WOULD THAT THERE WERE MORE WHO SHARED HER STRENGTH...



I TOLD YOU
IT WAS SECLUDED,
MICHAEL. YOU CAN
WORK IN PEACE
HERE...

...WITHOUT FEAR
OF ANYONE
INTERRUPTING
US.

MARTINE AND MORBIUS WERE REUNITED
IN **GIANT-SIZE WEREWOLF #4**,
NOW ON SALE. -- LEN.



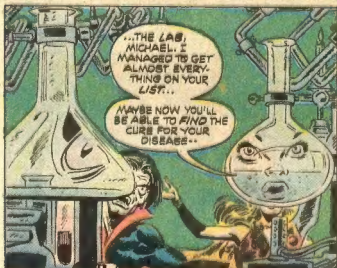
THE RENT WAS EXTREMELY MODEST-- DUE TO SOME LOCAL "HAUNTED HOUSE" STIGMA...

STILL, I'M AFRAID I HAD TO USE YOUR NOBEL PRIZE MONEY...THE LAST OF IT.



GRANTED, IT'S DANK, MUSTY, AND THE COBWEBS AREN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT...BUT IT'LL SHAPE UP

BESIDES, I'VE DEVOTED MY TIME TO FURNISHING THE MOST IMPORTANT ROOM...



...THE LAB, MICHAEL. I MANAGED TO GET ALMOST EVERYTHING ON YOUR LIST...

MAYBE NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO FIND THE CURE FOR YOUR DISEASE--



--BUT UNTIL YOU DO, I... I GOT YOU THESE.

PLASMA? BUT HOW DID YOU GET IT--?



--STOLEN FROM A BLOOD BANK, STROUD-- BY THE SHOPPING BAG.

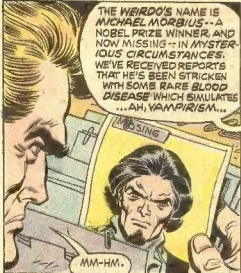
AND THAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES--?



SOMEBODY RIPS OFF A COUPLE OF BOTTLES OF RED STUFF AND YOU DRAG ME IN FROM ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT? * WHAT'S THE MATTER-- HAVE YOUR CIA JOKERS DEPOSED SO MANY GOVERNMENTS THAT YOU'RE GETTING HUNGRY FOR TRANSYLVANIA NOW...?

NO, STROUD-- WE'VE FIRMED OUR CONVICTIONS ON MORE EVIDENCE THAN THAT. HERE--SCAN THIS DOSSIER...

*MORE EXPLICITLY FROM PURSUING MAN-WOLF IN CREATURES ON THE LOOSE--LEN



THE WEIRDO'S NAME IS MICHAEL MORBIUS--A NOBEL PRIZE WINNER, AND NOW MISSING--IN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES. WE'VE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT HE'S BEEN STRICKEN WITH SOME RARE BLOOD DISEASE WHICH SIMULATES ...AH, VAMPIRISM...

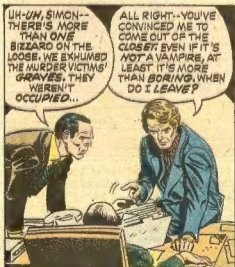
MM-HM.



AND THESE STIFFS ARE ALL FROM THE BOSTON AREA--FIVE OF THEM. THEY SEEM TO HAVE LOST THEIR BLOOD SOMEHOW--EVERY DROP OF IT. AND BEFORE THE AUTOPSIES...

TO COMPLETE THE PICTURE, THEIR THROATS WERE PUNCTURED--TWO NEAT HOLES IN EACH...

SO THERE'S A BIZARRO ON THE LOOSE IN BOSTON. THE LAST ONE TRIED STRANGLING--THIS ONE'S GOT A NEW BAG. SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?



UH-UH, SIMON--THERE'S MORE THAN ONE BIZARRO ON THE LOOSE. WE EXHUMED THE MURDER VICTIMS' GRAVES. THEY WEREN'T OCCUPIED...

ALL RIGHT--YOU'VE CONVINCED ME TO COME OUT OF THE CLOSET EVEN IF IT'S NOT A VAMPIRE, AT LEAST IT'S MORE THAN BORING. WHEN DO I LEAVE?



RIGHT NOW--IF YOU WANT TO CATCH THE FLIGHT LEAVING FOR BOSTON IN FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. AND HOW ABOUT GIVING THE STEWARDESS A BREAK THIS TIME, HUH?

WHY? WHAT'D THEY EVER GIVE ME?



DIRTY LOOKS, PROBABLY. SO WHY DON'T YOU AVOID THEM BY READING THIS DURING THE FLIGHT--?



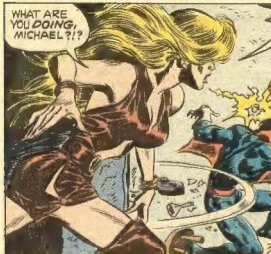
THE VAMPIRE HIS KITCH AND KIN by MONTAGUE SINNERS

CUTE.



IT'S NO USE!

I CAN'T DO IT--!!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MICHAEL?!?

WHAT'S WRONG--?!

WHAT'S WRONG? THE THIRST--MY CRAVING--THE OBSESSION BURNING IN MY GUTS--!



THAT'S WHAT IS WRONG, MARTINE BUT RIGHT OR WRONG...



...IT WON'T BE DENIED.

NO, MICHAEL-- PLEASE--! THE BLOOD I GOT FOR YOU-- THE PLASMA..

...YOU MUST DRINK THAT.



I DON'T WANT PLASMA ...I WANT WARM BLOOD, RICH BLOOD...I WANT THE FEEL OF MY FANGS PIERCING FLESH...

I WANT THE BLOOD OF LIFE, MARTINE...



...I WANT YOUR BLOOD!

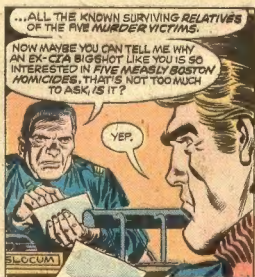
STARK HORROR BURNS IN MARTINE'S EYES. BUT SHE LOVES MORBIS--AND IN HER LOVE THERE IS STRENGTH...STRENGTH ENOUGH TO CONFRONT HER HORROR...

...AND TO EMBRACE THE HIDEOUS MOCKERY OF THAT WHICH SHE LOVES.



MORBIS FEELS THAT EMBRACE AND HIS EYES, TOO, NOW BURN WITH HORROR.

...AND ABRUPT REALIZATION...



HER FOOTSTEPS ARE HOLLOW ECHOES OVER CONCRETE...



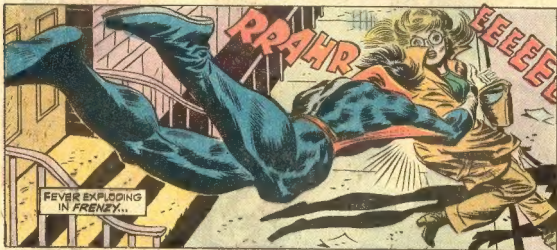
...HER NAME
UNKNOWN...

...HER OCCUPATION
UNIMPORTANT...

...AND HER VEINS PULSING WITH THE
TANGY TEXTURE OF LIFE.



MORBIUS DOES NOT
EXIST NOW. THERE IS
ONLY THE FEVER...



FEVER EXPLODING
IN FRENZY...

FEVER SATIATED IN ATROCITY...



...DROWNED IN WELTERING
GOUTS OF BLOOD...

...AND REPLACED, AGAIN,
BY SANITY...AND REMORSE.



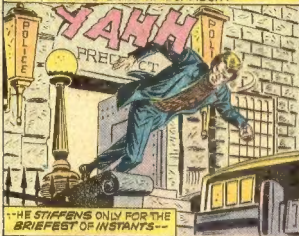
NO...

...NOT AGAIN--!

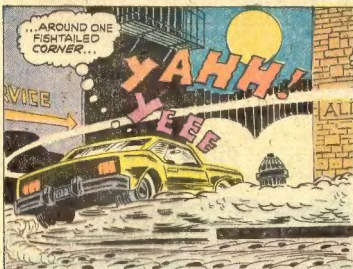


NOT
AGAIN--!!

SIMON STROUD IS A DECISIVE MAN. FOR EXAMPLE:
UPON EMERGING FROM THE POLICE STATION AND
HEARING A BLISTERING WAIL OF AGONY--

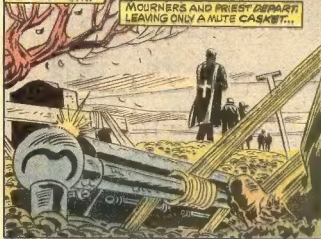


--BEFORE LEAVING STREAKS OF BURNT
RUBBER ON THE COBBLES BEHIND HIM...



THREE DAYS LATER, MORNING DAWNS BLEAK AND OVERCAST: NOT THE BEST OF DAYS FOR A FUNERAL... BUT THEN, WHAT DAY IS...?

MOURNERS AND PRIEST DEPART, LEAVING ONLY A MUTE CASKET...



...AND THE MAN WHO IS TO PUT IT AWAY FROM SIGHT FOR ALL TIME...

HOLD IT, PAL.

EN--?!

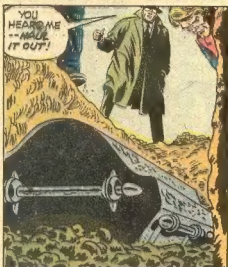


POLICE! PULL THAT COFFIN BACK UP HERE-- FAST!

OUT OF ITS GRAVE? WHAT FOR...?



YOU HEARD ME --HAUL IT OUT!



AND...

NOW GET LOST!

I SAID LOSE YOURSELVES--!

NOW.

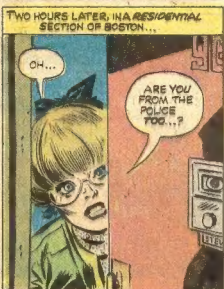
BUT--

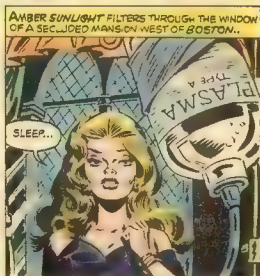
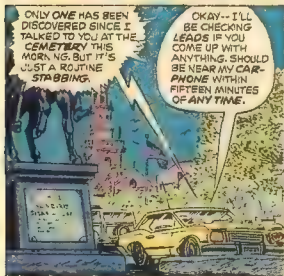
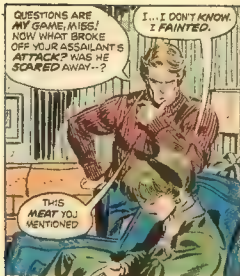


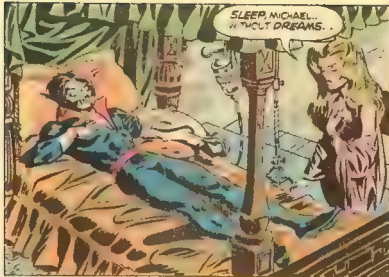
I STILL DON'T GET IT, STROUD... HOW YOU EVER MANAGED TO GET OFFICAL APPROVAL FOR A ZANY STUNT LIKE THIS...

I'VE GOT FRIENDS...









WARNER'S DIRECTIONS ARE CRISP AND DIRECT. STROUD FOLLOWS THEM IN THE SAME MANNER--TO A BEREAVED FARMER AND A STABLE FILLED WITH DEAD HORSEFLESH.



MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Marvel,

"Speed kills!" This saying has never been more graphical y pointed out than by the way that Speedy Frank Robb ne kills us readers with such amazingly fast and GREAT work. Although he isn't the greatest draftsman in the world, the pure excitement and action in his work is hard to match. He's a master of the comic art form.

In his first appearance at Marvel he turned out a nice, fast-paced tale for ADVENTURES INTO FEAR. Although the continuing plotline wasn't advanced that much this time around, Frank's art made it very worthwhile. With him now using the Marvel Method of breaking down a story, sensational things are to come.

The only drawback pertains to Frank Giacosa's inks. Frank G. uses much too heavy and harsh a brush for Mr. Robbins' pencils; let him ink his own work, I'm sure he can do it with his speed.

The only other comment I have is that I'm sorry that Steve Garber didn't have the time to script this issue, because I prefer his style to Doug's. Doug's dialogue and narration were too corny and ridiculous to be taken seriously, which might have to do with the fact that he was called in at the last minute. Anyway, MAKE MINE MARVEL.

Dean Mullaney
81 Delaware Street
Staten Island, N.Y. 10304

Dear Doug, Frank, Frank G. and etc.,

Michael Morbius is colorful, dynamic, and quite unique. FEAR #25 was one of the best Morbius episodes so far, despite the 14 pages. I far one think he should have the full 18 pages. Think about it.

Doug's script from Steve's plot was well-written; he was an excellent replacement. I was delighted to see Tera and Martins. Diamond is the perfect type of villain for this strip. I am sure Doug Moench will and the line with a dynamite conclusion.

Frank Robbins' art really surprised me. I expected it to not look so good. I probably would have been right, too, if not for the beautiful inks of Frank Giacosa. Honestly, this is the first time I can say Frank Robbins really looked great. I wish Frank the best of luck on his coming tenure on CAPTAIN AMERICA. 'Till Morbius gets defeated by a dentist, make mine you know what Peace.

Jackie Frost
RR 3 Box 176
West Monroe, La. 71291.

It never fails! (Some of you may be wondering what never fails; well, we don't blame you—with a clever lead line like that, we'd be wondering what never fails, too, if we didn't already know.)

Anyway, as we were saying, it never fails that you Marvelites send us diametrically opposed opinions about

almost anything we here in the Bullpen have concocted for your viewing/reading pleasure and edification.

To wit: the opinions on Doug and Frank G. expressed in each of the preceding letters. These two battle-hardened Marvel veterans don't know whether to wear a smile or a frown. However, Speedy Frank doesn't have that problem—this month, at least; his advent on Morbius was greeted with universal cheer by frenetic ones the world over.

And now to pay homage to what has become a mighty Marvel trademark—otherwise known as *Errorus Marvelus*:



Dear Marvel,

In FEAR #25, on page 7, I noticed that the exact same words in the right hand corner at panel one are the same as those at the top of panel two. I'd like to know if this is a mistake or not.

P.S. Make mine Marvel if it is.

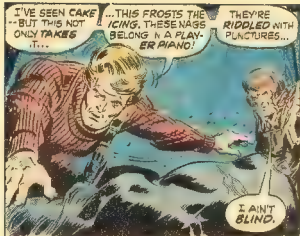
Chris Peters
14 Oakencroft Rd
Wellesley, Ma. 02181

Yours is definitely Marvel. Chris, no question about it—'cause that was one genuine bona fide Bullpen booboo! Here's how it happened. Often, by the time a book is plotted, drawn, written, lettered, and—finally—inked and colored, a dreaded deadline is approaching at approximately the speed of the charging Rhino.

This was the case, due to a variety of factors, with FEAR #25. When the book came to our amazing assistant editors, they found that—somehow—two captions had gotten switched, and they promptly marked them for correction by our crack/jack production department. Unfortunately, owing to the haste with which that issue had to be shipped to the engravers, the hastily-scribbled correction note was misinterpreted and, unbeknownst to all, the book went merrily on its way to be printed.

Naturally, as soon as it came back—and much too late—the error was discovered, to no avail. Poor Doug, who used to have waist-length locks, did so much hair tearing that he now has a bald spot. It wasn't his fault, folks. And, for being the first to spot it, Chris, we hereby bestow upon thee one nimble no-prize.

Now, aren't you glad we made that mistake?

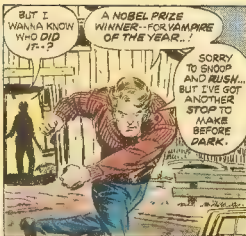


I'VE SEEN CAKE
--BUT THIS NOT
ONLY TAKES
...T...

...THIS FROSTS THE
ICING, THESE NAGS
BELONG IN A PLAY-
ER PIANO!

THEY'RE
RIDDLED WITH
PUNCTURES...

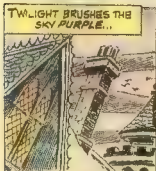
I AIN'T
BLIND.



BUT I
WANNA KNOW
WHO DID
IT--?

A NOBEL PRIZE
WINNER--FOR VAMPIRE
OF THE YEAR..!

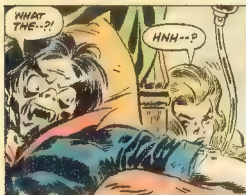
SORRY
TO SNOOP
AND RUSH...
BUT I'VE GOT
ANOTHER
STOP TO
MAKE
BEFORE
DARK.



TWILIGHT BRUSHES THE
SKY PURPLE...

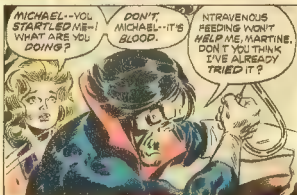


AND INSIDE--



WHAT
THE--?!

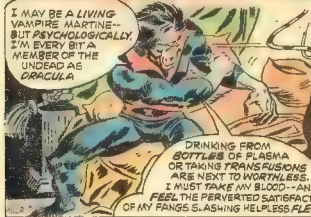
HNH--?



MICHAEL--YOU
STARTLED ME--!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

DON'T,
MICHAEL--IT'S
BLOOD.

INTRAVENOUS
FEEDING WON'T
HELP ME, MARTINE.
DON'T YOU THINK
I'VE ALREADY
TRIED IT?



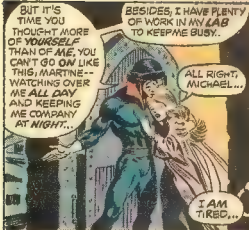
I MAY BE A LIVING
VAMPIRE MARTINE--
BUT PSYCHOLOGICALLY,
I'M EVERY BIT A
MEMBER OF THE
UNDEAD AS
DRACULA

DRINKING FROM
BOTTLES OF PLASMA
OR TAKING TRANSFUSIONS
ARE NEXT TO WORTHLESS.
I MUST TAKE MY BLOOD--AND
FEEL THE PERVERTED SATISFACTION
OF MY FANGS SLASHING HELPLESS FLESH...



NO, MARTINE...
ONLY TWO THINGS
SEPARATE ME
FROM A TRUE
VAMPIRE...

...RELIGION
...AND
REMORSE.

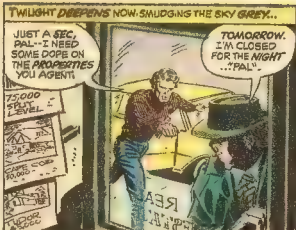


BUT IT'S TIME YOU THOUGHT MORE OF YOURSELF THAN OF ME, YOU CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, MARTINE-- WATCHING OVER ME ALL DAY AND KEEPING ME COMPANY AT NIGHT...

BESIDES, I HAVE PLENTY OF WORK IN MY LAB TO KEEP ME BUSY..

ALL RIGHT, MICHAEL...

I AM TIRED...



JUST A SEC, PAL--I NEED SOME DOPE ON THE PROPERTIES YOU AGENT!

TOMORROW. I'M CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT ..."PAL"



CIA--WANNA SEE THE CREDENTIALS?

EVER SEEN THIS DUDE?

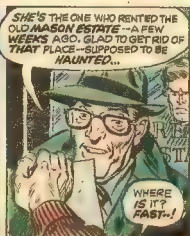
OH? IN THAT CASE, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

NO-O-O...



HOW 'BOUT HER?

WAIT A MINUTE... YES. OF COURSE--!



SHE'S THE ONE WHO RENTED THE OLD MASON ESTATE --A FEW WEEKS AGO. GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT PLACE--SUPPOSED TO BE HAUNTED...

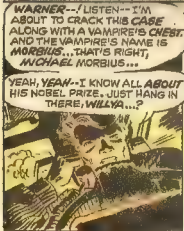
WHERE IS IT? FAST--!



AND--

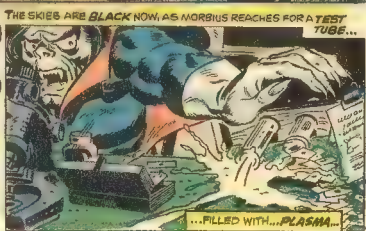
THAT'S GOTTA BE IT...

IF EVER A PLACE WAS SUITED TO BATS IN ITS BELLY--!



WARNER--! LISTEN-- I'M ABOUT TO CRACK THIS CASE ALONG WITH A VAMPIRE'S CHEST. AND THE VAMPIRE'S NAME IS MORBIUS... THAT'S RIGHT, MICHAEL MORBIUS...

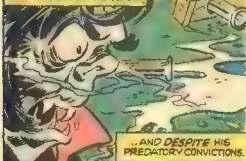
YEAH, YEAH--I KNOW ALL ABOUT HIS NOBEL PRIZE. JUST HANG IN THERE, WILLYA...?



THE SKIES ARE BLACK NOW, AS MORBIUS REACHES FOR A TEST TUBE...

...FILLED WITH...PLASMA...

PLASMA...GLARING CRIMSON IN HIS MIND'S EYE... THE COLOR OF BLOOD... THE COLOR OF FEVER



...AND DESPITE HIS PREDATORY CONVICTIONS.

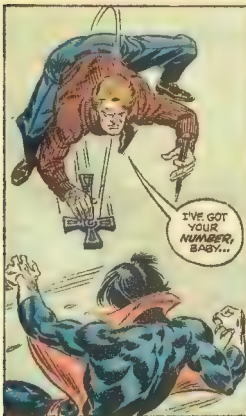
...HE MUST HAVE THIS "BLOOD"...WHETHER HE HAS RIPPED IT FROM A PULSING THROAT OR NOT...



HE LAPS IT, OBVIOUS TO EVERYTHING...



FREEZE, BLOODSUCKER--!



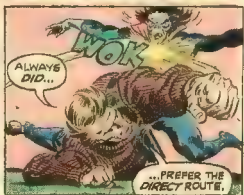
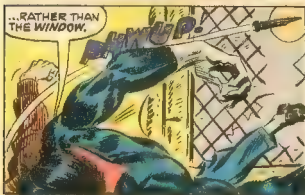
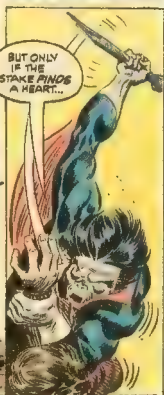
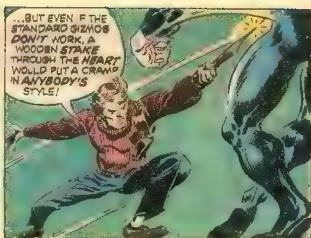
I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, BABY...



...AND IT'S SHAPED JUST LIKE A T...

SKRIIPP! HUH?!

THE CROSS DOESN'T EVEN FAZE YOU--?!



ANOTHER ASSORTMENT OF ACTION-PACKED AD-LIBS AND ASTONISHING ADDENDUMS!

STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Okay, frantic ones, drop what you're doing and stand up and take a bow! It's time to congratulate each and every one of you on your taste, judgment, and dazzling discretion! Not only have you made Marvel Comics the largest, best-loved, and best-selling comic-book company on earth, but you've also made the Mighty Marvel Calendar for '75 the biggest sales sensation of the year — matched only by the fact that your matchless enthusiasm has made ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS a nation-wide bestseller! I can't count how many times both the calendar and the Origins have had to go back to press for additional printings to keep up with the demand! And now, the biggest news of all! The editors at Simon & Shuster are so excited about the sales of the book and the calendar that they've just ordered a new Marvel Calendar for '76 — and they've commissioned me to write a second book about Marvel's Origins — in fact, it looks as though they intend to create an entire Origins series! Incidentally, those of you who've already acquired a calendar or Origins book, don't dare lose them or lend them carelessly. You know how comic-books increase in value over the years — well, just imagine the value of these items once they're out of print! Of course, you don't have to go as far as one Bullpennner I know — he tossed all his money out of his bank vault and is replacing it with Origin books and calendars! Now *there's* a real believer!

Just one last note before I sign off. Didja hear about Ridgefield Park, N.J., Volunteer Ambulance Corps? It's a life-saving service, on call 24 hours a day — and a member of our bluishin' Bullpen, one of the five females who were admitted this year, reports that Corps Captain Tim La Tour (who's also a Ridgefield Park policeman), has been spotted wearing a "Make Mine Marvel" button proudly on his uniform! And we've heard of various other uniformed stalwarts around the country who've been seen with Marvel buttons! How about telling us of any you've seen — we'll make up a list and put it in the Mighty Marvel Time Capsule, to confound the archeologists of the future! But, till then, remember — it's time to take a turtle to teal!

Excelsior!

Stan

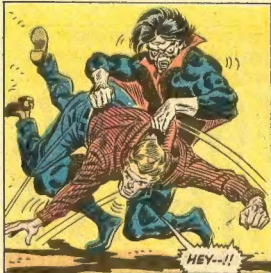
ITEM! Looks like just about the hottest thing in town is still our mighty MARVEL VALUE STAMPS! Seems your batty Bullpen is constantly being deluged with letters wondering just what sort'a goodies you can get by being the proud possessor of a completely-filled Stamp Book. Well, just catch this, Faithful One: a completed MVS book will entitle you to a whoopin' ten percent discount on any of the matchless merchandise now being offered to you by your big-hearted House of Ideas. Just send your completed stamp book, along with a large-sized, stamped, self-addressed envelope, to MERCHANDISING, c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 9th Floor, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022, and your MVS book will be winging its way back to you, complete with dazzling discount coupon, faster than you can say "Quicksilver"! Of course, if you're just itching to get your hands on our marvelous merchandise now, just clip the coupon on this issue's merchandise page, and send your order along with your completed Stamp Book. We'll give you your first ten percent discount immediately — just because we love ya. We'll also send you another discount coupon for your next order, and we'll keep sending coupons as long as you keep sending orders. In other words, all holders of completed MARVEL VALUE STAMP books are eligible for a perpetual ten percent discount — besides having your name inscribed on our great, golden Honor Roll here in the hallowed halls of Marvel. And if you haven't completed your Stamp Book yet, don't fret, Effendi. We're gonna keep printing our MVS stamps in our litlin' letters pages till each and every trusty True Believer has a chance to join the club. (Of course, if you never even heard of our much-vaunted VALUE STAMPS till you read this blazing Bulletin — and if you haven't, you must have been livin' in Lower Slobbovia — you can still lay your mitts on a sparkling Stamp Book by sending us a paltry fifty cents.) Who says this isn't the Marvel Age of Mind-bending Bargains?

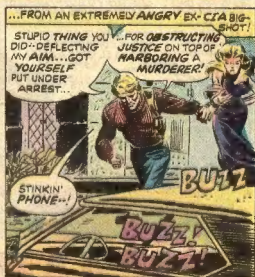
ITEM! Metitulous MICHELE WOLFMAN, the only Bullpennner crazy enough — (Opps, we didn't mean to plug her hard-working husband's merely hysterical humor mag. It just slipped out somehow.) — to attempt the mammoth task of opening and reading all of the litling letters, awesome orders, and nifty notes that seem to find their way to the little log cabin here on Madison Avenue, nearly collapsed from exhaustion the other day after making an all-out effort to clear away the enormous backlog of mail which was piling up in every available nook and cranny of our already undersized offices. It appears that some of our peer-

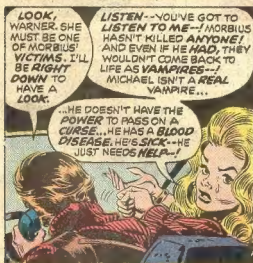
less pen-pals have been addressing their mighty missives merely to MARVEL COMICS GROUP and not to the specific mag for which the letter was intended — which means that these missives must sit, feeling lonely and unloved, until all the properly addressed mail has been attended to. And what, you may ask, pen at the ready to scribble off a timely tome to your favorite titanic title, is properly addressed mail? So long as it gets where it's going, isn't it properly addressed, you quite rightly inquire. Nay, we respond — a thousand times nay! Even though the Metitulous One pursues her appointed task for as long as she has strength in her fast-moving fingers, she must read the notes addressed to an individual book or department first. Any mail addressed solely to "MARVEL COMICS GROUP" is forced to languish alone until MICHELE can find a loophole in her ever-burgeoning workload to attend to it properly. So get on the ball, Tigers. Please, for your sake and ours, follow these three guidelines: First, try to keep your cogent comments down to one type-written page, the better and faster for us to read them. Second, address your dazzling discourses to the mag for which they are intended, be it GREENSKIN'S GRABBAG or THE HYBORIAN PAGE. Third, if you wish a reply to your letter, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to help us get it to you, as quickly as inhumanly possible. With any luck, between you, us, and the ever-perseless Postal Service, the wheels of progress will keep rolling smoothly along. (And we'll believe that the day we see it.)

ITEM! Before we sign off, we've got just enough room to remind you that our fabulous fan club FOOM is still producing the flat-out finest fan magazine of this or any other comics company! Now in its thundrous third year, FOOM has just featured the Colossal CAPTAIN AMERICA in a plethora of art and articles sure to thrill any dyed-in-the-wool Marvelite! And next issue, because you demanded it, the SILVER SURFER flies again! That's right — the results of FOOM's incredible Irving Awards are in, and we have listened! So don't hesitate, Pilgrim! A mere two dollars brings you four fan-filled issues of the only fan magazine that can truthfully state that it's produced by the best of Marvel-dom for the best of Marvel-dom! And what more could any Faithful Front-facer ask for?

MARVEL!
WE'RE NUMBER ONE--
BUT WE *STILL* TRY HARDER!







NEXT ISSUE: LIKE A NEST OF VIPERS...